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some measure of metaphysical depth of vision, with the driving force and unifying power of religion. For if man is a lover of law, he is also a lover of freedom; if he is ever searching for abstract truth, he is equally unwilling to forego his delight in that actuality which impinges upon the senses. And and theoretical outlook which would narrow the scope and lessen the richness of reality by leaving any of these interests out of account must henceforward fail of enduring influence.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

THE PRACTICAL MAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

PHILOSOPHY suffers the distinction of being regarded as an essentially academic pursuit. The term *philosophy*, to be sure, is used in common speech to denote a stoical manner of accepting the vicissitudes of life; but this conception sheds little or no light upon the meaning of philosophy as a branch of scholarship. The men who write the books on Epistemology or Ontology, are regarded by the average man of affairs, even though he may have enjoyed a "higher education," with little sympathy and less intelligence. Not even philology seems less concerned with the real business of life. The pursuit of philosophy appears to be a phenomenon of extreme and somewhat effete culture, with its own peculiar traditions, problems and aims, and with little or nothing to contribute to the real enterprises of society. It is easy to prove to the satisfaction of the philosopher that such a view is radically mistaken. But it is another and more serious matter to bridge over the very real gap that separates philosophy and common sense. It is the aim of the present paper to accomplish something towards that end. Such an aim is realized when philosophy is seen to issue from some interest that is of vital importance to human life; or when, after starting in thought at a point where he deals with ideas and interests common to all, one is led by the inevitableness of consistent thinking into the sphere of philosophy.

There is but one starting-point for reflection when all men

are invited to share in it. Though there be a great many special platforms where special groups of men may take their stand together, there is only one platform broad enough for all. This universal standpoint, or common platform, is *life*. It is our more definite thesis, then, that philosophy, even to its most abstruse technicality, is rooted in life; and that it is inseparably bound up with the satisfaction of practical needs, and the solution of practical problems.

Every man knows what it is to live, and his immediate experience will verify those features of the adventure that stand out conspicuously. To begin with, life is our birthright. We did not ask for it, but when we grew old enough to be self-conscious, we found ourselves in possession of it. Nor is it a gift to be neglected, even if we had the will. As is true of no other gift of nature, we must use it, or cease to be. There is a unique urgency about life. But we have already implied more, in so far as we have said that it must be *used*, and have thereby referred to some form of movement or activity as its inseparable attribute. To live is to find one's self compelled to do something. To do *something*—there is another implication of life: some outer expression, some medium in which to register the degree and form of its activity. Such we recognize as the environment of life, the real objects among which it is placed; which it may change, or from it it may suffer change. Not only do we find our lives as unsolicited active powers, but find, as well, an arena prescribed for their exercise. That we shall act, and in a certain time and place, and with reference to certain other realities, this is the general condition of things that is encountered when each one of us discovers life. In short, to live means to be compelled to do something under certain circumstances.

There is another very common aspect of life that would not at first glance seem worthy of mention. Not only does life, as we have just described it, mean opportunity, but it means self-conscious opportunity. The facts are such as we have found them to be, and as each one of us has previously found them for himself. But when we discover life for ourselves, we who make the discovery, and we who live, are identical. From that

moment we both live, and know that we live. Moreover such is the essential unity of our natures, that our living must now express our knowing, and our knowing guide and illuminate our living. Consider the allegory of the centipede. From the beginning of time he had manipulated his countless legs with exquisite precision. Men had regarded him with wonder and amazement. But he was innocent of his own art, being a contrivance of nature, perfectly constructed to do her bidding. One day the centipede discovered life. He discovered himself as one who walks, and the newly awakened intelligence, first observing, then foreseeing, at length began to direct the process. And from that moment the centipede, because he could not remember the proper order of his going, lost all his former skill, and became the poor clumsy victim of his own self-consciousness. This same self-consciousness is the inconvenience and the great glory of human life. We must stumble along as best we can, guided by the feeble light of our own little intelligence. If Nature starts us on our way, she soon hands over the torch, and bids us find the trail for ourselves. Most men are brave enough to regard this as the best thing of all; some despair on account of it. In either case it is admittedly the true story of human life. We must live as separate selves, observing, foreseeing and planning. There are two things that we can do about it. We can repudiate our natures, decline the responsibility, and degenerate to the level of those animals that never had our chance; or we can leap joyously to the helm, and with all the strength and wisdom in us, guide our lives to their destination. But if we do the former, we shall be unable to forget what might have been, and shall be haunted by a sense of ignominy; and if we do the second, we shall experience the unique happiness of fulfilment and self-realization.

Life, then, is a situation that appeals to intelligent activity. Humanly speaking, there is no such thing as a situation that is not at the same time a theory. As we live we are all theorists. Whoever has any misgivings as to the practical value of theory, let him remember that, speaking generally of human life, it is true to say that there is no practice that does not issue at

length from reflection. That which is the commonest experience of mankind, is the conjunction of these two: the thought and the deed. And as surely as we are all practical theorists, so surely is philosophy the outcome of the broadening and deepening of practical theory. But to understand how the practical man becomes the philosopher, we must inquire somewhat more carefully into the manner of his thought about life.

Let any one inspect the last moment in his life, and in all probability he will find that his intellect was employed to discover the means to some end. He was already bent upon some definite achievement, and was thoughtful for the sake of selecting the economical and effectual way. His theory made his practice skillful. So through life his knowledge shows him how to work his will. Example, experience and books have taught him the uses of nature and society, and in his thoughtful living he is enabled to reach the goal he has set for the next hour, day or year of his activity. The long periods of human life are spent in elaborating the means to some unquestioned end. Here, again, is the curious truth that we wake up in the middle of life, already making headway, and under the guidance of some invisible steersman. When first we take the business of life seriously, there is a considerable stock in trade in the shape of habits, and inclinations to all sorts of things that we never consciously elected to pursue. Since we do not begin at the beginning, our first problem is to accommodate ourselves to ourselves, and our first deliberate acts are in fulfilment of plans outlined by some predecessor that has already spoken for us. The same thing is true of the race of men. At a certain stage in their development men found themselves engaged in all manner of ritual and custom, and burdened with concerns that were not of their own choosing. They were burning incense, keeping festivals, and naming names, all of which they must now proceed to justify with myth and legend, in order to render intelligible to themselves the deliberate and self-conscious repetition of them. Even so much justification was left to the few, and the great majority continued to seek that good which social usage countenanced, and individual predisposition confirmed. So every man of us acts from day to day

for love's sake, or wealth's sake, or power's sake, or for the sake of some near and tangible object; reflecting only for the greater efficiency of his endeavor.

But if this be the common manner of thinking about life, it does not represent the whole of such thought. Nor does it follow that because it occupies us so much, it is therefore correspondingly fundamental. Like the myth-makers of old, we all want more or less to know the *reason of our ends*. Here, then, we meet with a somewhat different type of reflection upon life, the reflection that underlies the selection of ideals. It is obvious that most ends are selected for the sake of other ends, and so are virtually means. The poor boy or girl fights for years to secure a college education. This definite end has been adopted for the sake of a somewhat more indefinite end of self-advancement, and from it there issues a whole series of minor ends, which form a hierarchy of steps ascending to the highest goal of aspiration. Now upon the face of things we live very unsystematic lives, and yet were we to examine ourselves in this fashion, we should all find our lives to be marvels of organization. Their growth, as we have seen, began before we were conscious of it; and we are commonly so absorbed in some particular flower or fruit that we forget the roots, and the design of the whole. But a little reflection reveals a remarkably unitary adjustment of parts. The unity is due to the dominance of a group of central purposes. Judged from the standpoint of experience, it seems bitter irony to say that everyone gets from life just what he wishes. But a candid searching of our own hearts will incline us to admit that after all, the way we go and the length we go, is determined pretty much by the kind and the intensity of our secret longing. That for which in the time of choice we are willing to sacrifice all else, is the formula that defines the law of each individual life. All this is not intended to mean that we have each named a clear and definite ideal which is our chosen goal. On the contrary, such a conception may be almost meaningless to some of us. In general the higher the ideal the vaguer and less vivid is its presentation to our consciousness. But, named or unnamed, sharp or blurred, vivid or half-forgotten, there may be found in the

heart of every man that which of all things he wants to be, that which of all deeds he wants to do. If he has had the normal youth of dreaming, he has seen it, and warmed to the picture of his own imagination; if he has been somewhat more thoughtful than the ordinary, his reason has defined it, and adopted it for his life; if neither, it has been present as an undertone throughout the rendering of his more inevitable life. He will recognize it when it is named as the desire to do the will of God, or to have as good a time as possible, or to make other people as happy as possible, or to be equal to his responsibilities, or to fulfil the expectation of his mother, or to be distinguished, wealthy or influential. This list of ideals is miscellaneous, and ethically reducible to more fundamental concepts, but these are the terms in which men are ordinarily conscious of their most intimate purposes. We must now inquire respecting the nature of the thought that determines the selection of such an ideal, or justifies it when it has been unconsciously accepted.

What is most worth while? This obviously depends upon what is possible, upon what is expected of us by our own natures, and upon what interests and concerns are conserved by the trend of events in our environment. What I had best do, presupposes what I have the strength and the skill to do, what I feel called upon to do, and what are the great causes that are entitled to promotion at my hands. It seems that we cannot separate the ideal from the real. We may some of us feel that our fundamental ideal is an immediate utterance of conscience, as mysterious in origin as it is authoritative in expression. In such cases we may feel willing to defy the universe, and expatriate ourselves from our natural and social environment, for the sake of the holy law of duty. Count Tolstoi has little to say of the possible or the expedient or the actual, and is satisfied to stand almost alone against the brutal facts of usage and economy. We all have a secret sense of chivalry, that prompts, however ineffectually, to a like devotion. But that which in such moral experiences appears to indicate a severance of the ideal and the real, is, if we will but stop to consider, only a severance of the ideal and the apparent. The

martyr is more sure of reality than the adventurer. He is convinced that though his contemporaries and his environment be against him, the more fundamental order of things is for him. He believes in a spiritual world more abiding, albeit less obvious, than the material world. Though every temporal event contradict him, he lives in the certainty that eternity is his. Such an one may have found his ideal in the voice of God and His prophets, or he may have been led to God as the justification of his irresistible ideal; but in either case, the selection of his ideal is reasonable to him in so far as it is harmonious with the ultimate nature of things, in so far as it stands for the promise of reality. In this wise, thought about life expands into some conception of the deeper forces of the world, and life itself in respect of its fundamental attachment to an ideal, implies some belief concerning the fundamental nature of its environment.

But lest in this account life be credited with too much gravity and import, or it seem to be assumed that life is all knight-errantry, let us turn to our less quixotic, and perhaps more effectual man of affairs. He works for his daily bread, and for success in his vocation. He has selected his vocation for its promise of return in the form of wealth, comfort, fame, or influence. He likewise performs such additional service to his family and his community as is demanded of him by public opinion and his own sense of responsibility. He may have a certain contempt for the man who sees visions. This may be his manner of testifying to his own preference for the ideal of usefulness and immediate efficiency. But even so he would never for an instant admit that he was pursuing a merely conventional good. He may be largely imitative in his standards of value, recognizing such aims as are common to some time or race; nevertheless none would be more sure than he of the truth of his ideal. Question him, and he will maintain that his is the reasonable life under the conditions of human existence. He may maintain that if there be a God, he can best serve Him by promoting the tangible welfare of himself and those dependent upon him. He may maintain that, since there is no God, he must win such rewards as the world can give. If he

have something of the heroic in him, he may tell you that since there is no God, he will labor to the uttermost for his fellow-men. Where he has not solved the problem of life for himself, he may believe himself to be obeying the insight of some one wiser than himself, or of society as expressed in its customs and institutions. But no man ever admitted that his life was purely a matter of expedience, or that in his dominant ideal he was the victim of chance. In the background of the busiest and most preoccupied life of affairs, there dwells the conviction that such living is appropriate to the universe, that it is called for by the circumstances of its origin, opportunities and destiny.

Finally, the man who makes light of life has of all men the most transparent inner consciousness. In him may be clearly observed the relation between the ideal and the reflection that is assumed to justify it.

"A moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And lo! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The nothing is set out from— . . . "

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show."

Where the setting of life is construed in these terms, there is but one natural and appropriate manner of life. Once believing in the isolation and insignificance of life, one is sceptical of all worth save such as may be tasted in the moment of its purchase. If one's ideas and experiences are no concern of the world's, but incidents of a purely local and transient interest, they will realize most when they realize an immediate gratification. Where one does not believe that he is a member of the universe, and a contributor to its ends, he does well to minimize the friction that arises from its accidental propinquity, and to kindle some little fire of enjoyment in his own lonely heart. This is the life of abandonment to pleasure, accompanied by the conviction that the conditions of life warrant no more strenuous or heroic plan.

In such wise do we select ideals, or justify them when half-

unconsciously adopted. In each case, the pursuit of an ideal implies a belief in its validity. Such a belief will invariably appear when the groundwork of the daily living is laid bare by a little reflection. And if our analysis has not been in error, there is something more definite to be obtained from it. We all believe in the truth of our fundamental ideals, but we believe, besides, that such truth involves the sanction of the universe as a whole. The momentousness of an individual's life will be satisfied with nothing less final. For every individual, his life is all his power and riches, and is not to be spent save for the greatest good that he can conceive. Life is as irrevocable as it is unique, and is not willingly submitted to caprice. Possibly the felt magnetism of the ideal must always remain a mystery, but even so, it may represent more or less of wisdom and enlightenment. He who stands where he sees much, will find himself attracted quite differently from what would be the case were his view more limited. To know of many possibilities is to be sensitive to many affinities, and the best selection denotes the greatest wealth of experience. It is not necessarily true that he who has seen more will in all cases pursue the higher ideal, for instinct or authority are often better sources of aspiration than is experience. But the validity of the ideal is determined at last by the wealth of the experience from which it issues. We trust instinct and authority because we believe them to represent such experience on the part of the race as a whole, or on the part of God. He whose knowledge is broadest and truest would know best what is of most worth. On this account, most men can see no more reasonable plan of life than obedience to God's will, for God in the abundance of his wisdom, and since all eternity is plain before him, must see with certainty that which is supremely worthy. We mean, then, that the selection of our ideals shall be determined by the largest possible knowledge of the facts pertaining to life. We mean to select as one would select who knew all about the antecedents and surroundings and remote consequences of life. In our own weakness and finitude we may go but a little way in the direction of such an insight, and may prefer to accept the judgment of tradition or authority, but we recognize a distinct

type of knowledge as alone worthy to justify an individual's adoption of an ideal. That type of knowledge is the knowledge that comprehends the universe in its totality. Such knowledge does not involve completeness of information respecting all parts of reality. This, humanly speaking, is both unattainable and inconceivable. It involves rather a conception of the *kind* of reality that is fundamental. For a wise choice of ideals, it is unnecessary that we should know many matters of fact, or even specific laws, provided we are convinced of the inner and essential character of the universe. Some of the alternatives are matters of every-day thought and speech. One cannot tell the simplest story of human life without disclosing them. To live the human life means to pursue ideals, that is, to have a thing in mind, and then to try to accomplish it. Here is one kind of reality and power. The planetary system, on the other hand, does not pursue ideals, but moves, unconscious of itself, with a mechanical precision that can be expressed in a mathematical formula, and is representative of another kind of reality and power. Hence a very common and a very practical question: is there an underlying law like the law of gravitation, fundamentally and permanently governing life, in spite of its apparent direction by ideal and aspiration? Or is there an underlying power like purpose, fundamentally and permanently governing the planetary system and all celestial worlds, in spite of the apparent control of blind and irresistible forces? This is a practical question because nothing could be more pertinent to our choice of ideals. Nothing could make more difference to life, than a belief in the life or lifelessness of its environment. The faiths that generate or confirm our ideals always refer to this great issue. And this is but one, albeit the most profound, of the many issues that arise from the desire to obtain some conviction of the inner and essential character of life. Though so intimately connected with practical concerns, these issues are primarily the business of thought. In grappling with them, thought is called upon for its greatest comprehensiveness, penetration and self-consistency. By the necessity of concentration, thought is sometimes led to forget its origin and the source of its problems. But in naming itself

philosophy, thought has only recognized the definiteness and earnestness of its largest task. Philosophy is still thought about life, representing but the deepening and broadening of the common practical thoughtfulness.

We who began together at the starting-point of *life*, have now entered together the haven of *philosophy*. It is not a final haven, but only the point of departure for the field of philosophy proper. Nevertheless that field is now in the plain view of the man who occupies the practical standpoint. He must recognize in philosophy a kind of reflection that differs only in extent and persistence from the reflection that guides and justifies his life. He may not consciously identify himself with any one of the three general groups which have been characterized. But if he is neither an idealist, nor a philistine, nor a pleasure-lover, surely he is compounded of such elements, and does not escape their implications. He desires something most of all, even though his highest ideal be only an inference from the gradation of his immediate purposes. This highest ideal represents what he conceives to be the greatest worth or value in the universe. And his conception of the greatest worth is based upon the largest generalization that he can make or borrow. The complete justification of his ideal would involve a true knowledge of the essential character of the universe. For such knowledge he substitutes either authority or his own imperfect insight. But in either case his life is naturally and organically correlated with a thought about the universe in its totality, or in its deepest and essential character. Such thought, the activity and its results, is philosophy. Hence he who lives is, *ipso facto*, a philosopher. He is not only a potential philosopher, but a partial philosopher. He has already begun to be a philosopher. Between the fitful or prudential thinking of some little man of affairs, and the sustained thought of the devoted lover of truth, there is indeed a long journey, but it is a straight journey along the same road. Philosophy is neither accidental nor supernatural, but inevitable and normal. Philosophy is not properly a vocation, but the ground and inspiration of all vocations. In the hands of its devotees, it grows technical and complex, as do all efforts of thought, and to pursue philosophy

bravely and faithfully is to encounter obstacles and labyrinths innumerable. The general problem of philosophy is mother of a whole brood of problems, little and great. But whether we be numbered among its devotees, or their beneficiaries, we shall do well to have discovered, and to remember that philosophy is continuous with life.

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THE ETHICS OF ST. PAUL.

IN Christianity religion and ethics were interwoven from the very beginning. Whether the latter element were not the stronger, we may not stay to enquire. Enough let it be to point out its prominence. "Eo religiosior quo justior" one of the early apologists declares to be the standard of membership.

In the ethical development within the church no teacher counts for more than Paul. He was born with a craving for righteousness. The Jew shut out from politics and society, uneasy with a sense of something amiss with his nation, spent his energies in cherishing his religious aspirations by observance of the "law of Moses," a system of conduct which encircled and shaped all his activities from the highest to the lowest.

In this system Paul was bred up and served it with filial devotion from his youth. But the parent could not in the end provide sufficient sustenance for its nursling.

This code of conduct awoke in the mind of the young aspirant, both approval and resistance. It is the effect of all law, religious or social, in some stages of human growth. Whilst it remains outside the individual, imposed by authority, enforced by penalty, it may extort acknowledgment of excellence but it appears a harsh friend. It curtails freedom. It stands in the way of inclination and often rouses rebellion, so making matters worse. This effect was powerfully felt in a system of control so far-reaching as that of the Jews.

Paul's first idea of goodness, the keeping of the command-